

HiJack: Dinner with Stoick

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Summary: Meeting Hiccup's father wasn't going as smoothly as anyone would have hoped. And Jack's a little shit.

HiJack: Dinner with Stoick

Requested by an adorable anon on tumblr!

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><p>Hiccup had been stressing about this for quite a while now. And so far, it was going just as horribly as he'd planned.<p>

His father sat opposite him, looking intensely down at his dinner plate, or the wall, or the ceiling; anywhere but Hiccup's eyes. Stoic could be just as awkward and sheepish as Hiccup at times, making for air thick with silence. Like father like son, after all.

Jack, beside Hiccup, was trying his best to lighten the mood, but of course, wasn't doing a very good job. He hadn't imagined dinner with Hiccup's dad would be so uneasy. He considered himself a fairly charismatic individual, but when he'd seen Stoic's intimidating height and seen the gigantic force of a man that Mr. Haddock was, he began to curl into somewhat of a shell.

"This fish is the bees knees," Jack said abruptly, poking the meat with his fork. Hiccup said nothing, but instead cast a questioning look in Jack's direction, wishing he could do something to ease the tension in the room.

"Um, thank you, Jack," said Stoic quietly. Another long and painful silence ensued.

"Well," Stoic spoke again; "I better go check on dessert." Hiccup wasn't even aware they were having dessert. Stoic primly set down his napkin, stood, and strode stiffly to the kitchen.

"Goddamnit." Hiccup groaned once Stoic had left the room.

"What?" Jack teased, "I think it's going pretty well."

"Shut up," Hiccup said, rolling his eyes. His expression then changed to one of sympathy; "I'm sorry this is so bad."

"What? No, of course it isn't." Jack responded reassuringly.

Hiccup raised an eyebrow at Jack, disbelieving.

"Okay, maybe it is. But we can still turn this around, right?"

"I doubt it." Hiccup sighed.

It was at this point that Stoic came back into the room, looking as if he were bracing himself for a slap in the face. Neither Jack nor Hiccup said anything in greeting, just continued to stare ahead. Stoic took his place once more across the table.

"I need to use the bathroom." Hiccup said, straightening up. In his peripheral, he could see Jack take on a look of anguish, and Hiccup squeezed his hand beneath the table by way of apologizing. He really did have to pee.

But when Hiccup returned, the mood of the room had completely changed.

Stoic sat on his side of the table, biting his lip so much so he might have very well been eating his beard. A smile was threatening to burst from behind his eyes, but his hands were still were folded rigidly on the tabletop. Jack, opposite him, was looking much the same.

"What?" Hiccup asked, coming to sit at the table. It was then that he found his food (though it was barely touched) had mysteriously vanished. "Alright," he said, annoyance evident in his tone; "Where is it?"

"Where's what?" Jack asked, as if this all was the funniest thing in history.

"My dinner, you asshole."

"Now, now, son, no swearing at the table."

"But Dadâ€" "

"Eat your dinner, Hiccup." Stoic said, gesturing to the empty spot before him and looking as if he were about explode.

Seeing as his father would of no aid, Hiccup again turned begrudgingly to his boyfriend. "Where's my food, Jack?"

A soft meow distracted Jack from answering. It was then that Hiccup noticed, off in the corner of the room, Toothless the cat had devoured most of Hiccup's food, and was lying contenting next to a pile of scraps.

Hiccup was about to speak, but was cut off by the booming laughter of his father.

"I like this boy!" Stoic said, gesturing to Jack, also laughing, with his fork; "He's a jokester!"

"Goddamnit." Hiccup muttered under his breath.

End
file.